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of the archaic, since "imitation is suicide"—by the abdication of one's own personality? A marble relief "Marie" by Charles Keck is beautifully carved; "Descending Night" by A. A. Weinman

is a charming conception; finally, the bronze bust of Paul W. Bartlett by Charles Gaffy is perhaps the cleverest piece of craftsmanship in sculpture in the exhibition.

A SHOWING OF PASTEL AND AQUARELLE

THE American Water Color Society of New York is no chicken! Last year it could celebrate its jubilee for a half-century of endeavor more or less strenuous, more or less successful. At times it has held fast to the "legitimate," declared that pastel must not enter, and even the painting and body-color without washes must be checked if not reprobated. Of late years the annual exhibitions have been held in the annex of the National Arts Club, and that is the case now; for the fiftieth exhibition has just vacated the club's galleries to make room for a showing of etchings under the auspices of the Institute of Graphic Arts. Messrs. William S. Robinson and Edward Penfield respectively are its President and Secretary.

Taken as a whole the recent exhibition was singularly even in grade, with only a few absolutely helpless pieces, such as one cannot conceive of being accepted by a jury however mediocre; but on the other hand no picture at all that could raise a spark of interest as a picture! To get any enjoyment one has to fall back upon the somewhat tepid theme of technique over which artists are able to grow abusive and critics hysterical. So a writer who has nothing to say can be praised for the glibness of his pen and the smart airs with which he says nothing. Most of the pictures at the jubilee exhibition of the Water Color Society were occupied with the uttering of platitudes, yet some of these excited a kindly feeling owing to their ingenuous helplessness. Is it owing to this lack of contents that so many of the artists fly for refuge to extravagant methods?

Mr. Conway Peyton covers backgrounds and figures with wavy lines or rather builds up his whole picture of alternate white and colored wavy stripes that suggest the drops of water coursing down the window panes in a rainstorm. Mr. Maurice Prendergast produces effects of color-sketches for tapestry, samplers or other textiles woven or embroidered by hand, though he crowds his frame with figures in a way the embroiderer or weaver might not relish. Mr. Arthur Crisp invites comparison with Degas by a pretty little view of ballet dancers on the operatic stage. Others are bent on extravagant figures in strong color and line that come very close to caricature and belong to the art of the poster. There are demure and really sensitive little snow-clad landscapes like those of Chauncy F. Ryder and the pale bit of starlit snow by Mr. Ernest Albert which sing a slender poetic note. Pleasant are the Spanish types assembled by Mr. F. Luis Mora in his notes of travel and there is a delicate feeling in the snowscapes of Mr. Edward Dufner. A well dressed couple strolling on Fifth Avenue and a street in a foreign city showing antiquated architecture, both by Mr. Childe Hassam, preserve the memory of his earlier style when he painted more in the vein of Whistler than he does now. Will S. Robinson, Roy Browne and Mrs. Rhoda Holmes

Nicholls offer attractive landscapes and figures. The green waist of the handsome young lady by the last named is perhaps too abrupt; it cuts her figure in three. A snow-storm on the Grand Canal, Venice, by Miss Grace Fletcher has a certain interest of curiosity, although the hand is not very skilful. Mr. Jerome Myers hits it off with a little touzle-head of a child, one of the best of his attempts to reproduce types of New York's lower east side. Miss Jane Peterson uses strong colors and a broad brush to give the facts about docks and fishing craft and harbors in a somewhat knock-you-down fashion. Mr. Potthast uses the brilliant sun-umbrellas and gowns of loungers by the sea to form a bouquet of lively colors. Mr. Albert Sterner shows a golden-haired model seated in a studio leaning over to draw on a slipper. The only picture in the exhibition that rises above the lethargic mean is an illustration by A. J. Kelly showing a comely young woman in a room nicely furnished, who is "staggering against the wall" after approved theatrical style, doubtless owing to the contents of a letter which she "clutches" in her hand! She's a fine red-golden girl, too, and plainly deserves the most flattering and satisfactory of epistles—whether from "him who loves her" but is now alienated, or from the smooth villain who perchance has written to say that "he holds her, ha, ha, in his power."

Any one of the above-mentioned pictures would have deserved the prize of two hundred dollars bestowed annually by Mr. A. M. Hudnut better than the "Snowy Roofs" by Mr. Sidney Dale Shaw which received it at the hands of a mixed jury of men and women, said to have been writers for the daily press. It is a dull picture coarsely painted, without sense of composition, perspective, values or tonal quality. The sky comes forward and falls over the ugly roofs like a blanket that is not even wet. One is used to the foolishness of New York juries of award; but in this case it seems to have reached the depth of imbecility. If it be true that Mr. Hudnut has refused to make his offer good, one cannot, indeed, support his position or applaud the refusal, but one can feel a sympathy with him as the victim of people who must have a passion for the ugly and the inept.

There seems to be no adequate excuse for the very low standard of art these water-color exhibitions offer, the lack of such alert, vivid sketches and pictures as the charming media, pastel and aquarelle, naturally suggest to persons artistic. "There is a reason" of course, and one, if not the chief reason is this: there is no officer or member who has the taste or will sacrifice the time to go a-hunting for the best work in the land—with power to select over the heads of the jury. It is folly for an exhibiting society to sit tight and expect artists worth their salt to come with their pictures and submit them to the majority of a jury composed for the most part of mediocre minds.